

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 130.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1854.

PRICE 1d.
STAMPED 2d.



TRIAL BY LYNCH LAW.

FRANK LAYTON: AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE CAMP, AND MUTINY IN IT.—PERCY EFFINGHAM AND HIS PARTNERS.—A PROPOSED DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

FOUR men were seated beneath the roof of a capacious calico tent. The day was cold and gloomy;

No. 130, 1854.

but the wood-fire which had been kindled opposite the opening that served as a door, and which burned steadily and brightly, cast a cheerful light and warmth within.

Standing at the entrance of that tent, and look-

cc

ing around, the scene, to a stranger, would have been singularly impressive. Thousands of tents, of various dimensions, and pitched with a sovereign contempt for regularity, were scattered over an immense natural amphitheatre. High-peaked hills ascended on the back ground, one above the other, till the dimly-defined outlines of the more distant melted in the misty sky. In general, these hills were thickly wooded, and looked grand and savage. Deep down at the feet of these mountains, and fed by here and there a stream, or a mimic waterfall, from openings in the mountain sides, straggled and struggled on a turbid river—now pent up and contracted in width by precipitous and nearly approaching rocks, and then spreading out into a wide expanse, as the hills on either side more gradually inclined upwards.

The river-side, and a broad margin of its banks on either hand, and through the whole extent of the valley, afforded abundant proofs of man's restless energy, concentrated on hopes of gain. For miles the ground was pierced, excavated, and tortured, till it presented the appearance of an immense honeycomb. Surface-searching for the precious metal had been abandoned as unprofitable, or because the surface-deposits were exhausted; and stout machinery of wheel, pulley, and windlass was erected over the holes to enable the diggers to descend, and the soil to be raised a perpendicular distance of thirty, forty, sixty feet. Vast mounds of pulverized earth and stone were to be seen; and the whole surface of the valley was trodden, trampled, and worked into a thick concrete of mud, by tens of thousands of busy and wearied feet.

At the particular time, however, to which the course of our tale has conducted us, digging operations were for the most part suspended. A spirit of sullen, dogged discontent, amounting in numberless instances to expressed contempt of law, and threats of mutinous resistance, had been raised by the announcement that government intended to increase the price of licences, while, on the other hand, the great body of diggers demanded a considerable reduction of the fee. It is not our intention to narrate the history of this contest—which might have brought on mischievous and lamentable conclusions but for mutual good sense, forbearance, and respect, on the one hand for the majesty of law, and on the other for the majesty of the people. Public meetings, speeches, deputations, courtesy, compromises, and concessions ended in the return of the diggers to their work, after an interval of restless, self-inflicted abstinence; but, during this period of threatened disorganization, instances of violence and outrage, which the constitutional authority with its paralyzed arm could neither prevent nor punish, were more than usually rife.

The scene from the door of our tent, though wanting at that time the element of busy industry, was instinct with life and motion. Around the thickly-clustered tents, high up on the mountain's side and descending to the depth of the valley, were groups of miners in their characteristic garb; some listlessly lounging; others gathered round a mob orator; others seated smoking, and in the deep excitement of gambling; others fiercely quarrelling. They were men of all complexions, from the deep-tinted African to the tawny China-

man, the bronzed Australian bushman, and the pallid newly-arrived European. There were men of many nations—Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Germans, native Australians, both aboriginal and white, South-sea islanders, Chinese in abundance, and Americans. They were of all shades of character: there was brutal ignorance and cultivated intellect; convictism and high moral integrity; lazy vagabondism and staid persevering industry. There were men of all ranks thus strangely jumbled together and jostling each other: the genius of aristocracy would have been confounded at the levelling of all her cherished distinctions—all were gentlemen alike there.

Within view of our post of observation was the tent of the commissioner, a structure by no means imposing in its outward aspect, but dignified by a flag-staff arising from its roof, or near it, and protected by a few mounted policemen. Round this tent was gathered a large body of miners, several thousands in number, who, having escorted a deputation to the tent, to lay before the officer their grievances and requirements, waited the result of a lengthened conference. Presently, hearty cheers, which might have been heard many miles off, and which were echoed back and back again from hill-side to hill-side, burst from the assembled multitude, in approbation of the officer's conciliatory and gentlemanly bearing, and the hopes of redress he had given; and, in orderly array, the congregated diggers returned to their tents.

Near the commissioner's tent was the post-office. Earlier in the day, the mail had arrived; and then a rush might have been seen towards the frail building, of expectant thousands, a large portion of whom were probably disappointed in their hopes of good news from a far country, or any news at all from anywhere.

Amidst all this apparent confusion no lack of good cheer was indicated. Fires blazed merrily in front of hundreds of tents, and cooking, in various stages and of various descriptions, was going on. Store tents were crowded with customers; butchers were busy; so also were apothecaries—for a considerable amount of dysentery prevailed through the camp; and as these gentlemen not only prescribed, but were allowed, and they only, to dispense ardent spirits—medicinally of course—they had no reason to complain of a dearth of patients.

The four men of whom we spake were quietly seated in their tent, when the cheering from the neighbourhood of the commissioner's tent reached them, and introduced a fresh topic of conversation.

"That's capital now, that is," exclaimed one of the party, whom our readers will recognise as Simeon Barnes. Do ye hear it, Mr. Effingham? there won't be no rising of the licences this time, I guess; but a little of the contrary."

"Very possible, Mr. Barnes. I don't see how the government could very well maintain their position, with no physical force worth speaking of to back it, and the moral force of the diggings against it. It has appeared to me, all along, to be a false move."

"I reckon then, sir, that you'll be for buckling to again as soon as that little matter is settled. A right down waste of time this strike has been, and no mistake. But it can't be helped."

"No," replied Percy; "I shall keep to my resolution. To-morrow, I say 'Good-bye' to the diggings—a long farewell it will be too."

Simeon looked blank at this announcement. "That's a pity, Mr. Effingham," he said; "arter tile-ing month arter month for next to nothing, and then lighting all of a sudden on such a good find, to give it up. 'Tis queer too, 'tis," he added. "For all the while there was nothing to be got, it was you, sir, that kept up our spirits, and worked the hardest of us all, when we—leastways I for one I know—was for running off; and now we've had two months' run of such ex-tra-ordinary good fortune, you are giving up. No, no, sir; go a-head I say now: what's your opinion, Mr. Clinton?"

The person to whom this question was put, and who, with the negro Abraham, made up the party—which we scarcely need add was a mining co-partnership—was a younger man than Percy. Probably he had not long overpassed twenty years, though lines of care and thought and toil stamped premature manhood on his brow. He was tall and slight and fallow, grave and taciturn, strong and active. His features were distinctly American, and his speech slightly so.

Percy Effingham had fallen in with young Clinton on the road from Melbourne to the Victoria diggings. Some degree of companionship had sprung up between them before the diggings were reached. Clinton was solitary; Percy's party was small; four would be better than three; a partnership was proposed and accepted; and neither of the firm had seen reason to regret the connexion. By a sort of mutual tacit consent, all direct questions respecting the antecedents of either of the party were withheld; and Clinton had only so far relaxed in his reserve as to intimate that a tragic event in his past history, in which an only brother had fallen beneath the bowie-knife of an assassin, had driven him to travel in search of change and excitement, in the hope of banishing, in some measure, the memory of the terrible scene of which he had been a witness.

Percy had taken this statement on trust—had made no further reference to it; and the irreproachable conduct, together with the calm melancholy, of the young Kentuckian, not only justified—in Percy's opinion at least—full credence to the tale, but enlisted every sympathizing feeling in his favour.

We return from this needful explanation to the party in the tent.

"What's your opinion, Mr. Clinton?" asked Barnes.

"Effingham thinks with me, perhaps, that the hole is pretty well cleared out," said Clinton. "And I am not sure that it would not be the wisest plan for us all to let well alone, and clear off in good time."

Barnes was evidently disappointed. Success had only whetted his appetite for gain. During the past few weeks, the party had shared gold—the proceeds of their labour—to the amount of some thousands of pounds; and Simeon had suddenly become a comparatively rich man. A few months before this he would have professed contentment with the prospect of a fourth part of the wealth which had fallen to his lot; and now he was craving for more.

"Well, I reckon that hole is pretty nigh exhausted," he said; "for we've got down going on for a hundred foot, and nothing turned up of late: but what's to hinder our trying another, Mr. Effingham?"

"You forget how many holes we dug before we could find a remunerative one, Barnes. Most likely we should have to go over all that work again before coming to another rich deposit."

"I'm agreeable to that, howsoever," replied Simeon: "why not? so we come to it in the end."

"There is one good reason why I should not waste time," said Percy. "You know I had a letter this morning; the first I have had from home for many a long day; and that has decided me to return to England as soon as possible."

"I was afeard there was bad news in that 'ere letter," remarked Barnes: "it made you look so skeared."

"Not altogether bad, my friend; but there is that in it which will quicken my movements. But my leaving need not influence you, you know. There are Mr. Clinton, yourself, and my friend Abraham"—and, as Effingham said this, he laid his hand kindly and affectionately on the negro's arm. "You will be able to carry on the business without me."

"I have got enough, Mr. Effingham," said Abraham, huskily. "I don't like these diggings; there's so much wickedness everywhere a'most. I'll go back with you, sir."

"I knew how that would be, first starting," said Barnes. "Abraham won't stop, says I, a day arter master Effingham. And how is it to be about you, Mr. Clinton?"

"I have not concluded yet what I shall do," replied the young American, abstractedly. "I'll settle about it to-morrow. But if we *are* to break up our firm," he added, "I calculate we shall break up a pleasant party—that's all."

"That's what riles me so," said Barnes. "Ever sin we've been together there's been never a bit of a spar nor a crooked word; and everything has been up-right and down-straight: no drinking, nor swearing, nor dicing; prayers regular and all that, and Sundays in our tents like Sundays ought to be, and isn't in many, more the pity. And what I say is, that if we must dissolve partners, as they call it, that there ought to be a vote o' thanks all round, more partickler to Mr. Effingham, as has been our head and leader in a manner of speaking."

"I second the motion," said Clinton, laughing—he did not often laugh; "and Abraham will support it; so it will be carried *nem. con.*; but this sitting under cover is idle work, after all, and more tiring than digging. Shall we walk out before supper-time?"

Percy assented, and, leaving the negro in charge of the hut, the other three miners prepared for a stroll. The camp was now comparatively quiet; the day was declining; and the flickering of innumerable fires cast a warm, lively, and picturesque aspect over the whole scene.

"Are you armed?" asked Clinton, abruptly, when they were several paces from the tent.

"No," said Effingham, carelessly; "I don't think it worth while—when with you, at any rate," he added, "and under the protection of your bosom friend."

Clinton made no verbal reply; but, drawing a revolver from his breast-pocket, he carefully examined it, placed fresh caps on the nipples, and then returned it to its former position. This proceeding on his part was of too common occurrence to attract the particular notice of his companions, and in a few minutes they had struck into a path up the mountain side which terminated in a rocky platform, from which a fine panoramic view of the broad valley was to be obtained.

CHAPTER LIX.

A LYNCH TRIAL.

EFFINGHAM and his companions remained some time on the mountain-side, till the rapidly increasing darkness warned them of the approach of night, when they began to retrace their steps.

There was a distant hum of human voices from the valley below, and sometimes a louder shout was heard; there was music also; bands of strong-winded performers, at various parts of the camp, were awakening the echoes of the mountains, and their blended strains, softened by distance, fell pleasantly on the ears of the listeners. There were added to these sounds the barking of watch-dogs and the frequent discharge of fire-arms.

As they descended the mountain-side a confused murmur of many voices from a wooded glen on their right hand arrested their progress, and the flitting to and fro of several torches revealed an assemblage of some hundreds of miners on the spot—which, being at some distance from the camp, was ordinarily solitary. Curious to know what had brought together so considerable a crowd, at such a time and in such a place, the three partners cautiously descended the steep banks of the glen, until the scene spread before them was distinctly visible, and they were within hearing of much that might be uttered. Without being discovered, they stood quietly amidst the dark gloom of a thick cluster of bushy shrubs, and watched the proceedings below.

The men who composed the mob were apparently of the rougher order of diggers, though with a few noticeable exceptions: men there were who, whatever might be the ultimate object of the meeting, had probably joined it for a spree. Some few were intoxicated, or partially so; but these formed only an insignificant proportion of the assembly.

"What game is up now, Mr. Effingham, do you suppose?" asked Barnes.

"Wait a minute, and we shall see," replied Percy; "though I rather guess what it means," he added, turning to his other companion. "I heard to-day—but my letter put it out of my head—that some foolery was to be enacted to-night, in humble imitation, I suppose, of one of your peculiar institutions."

"Which of them?" Clinton asked.

"Lynch-law."

"More foolish they, then," the young American remarked; "though perhaps, in the absence of all other, even lynch-law may have its good points: but it is dangerous playing with edged-tools; and here, happily, at present at least, there is no need for it in earnest. A truce to moralizing, however; see they are going to begin."

In fact, during this short conversation, some degree of order had been obtained; in mock

gravity, a seat of justice on the trunk of a fallen tree had been secured; and the leaders of the frolic, if frolic it were, had chosen a president, and were forming a circle around him. The seat was just below our concealed watchers; and the glare of the torches lighted up with the brilliancy of noon the open space in front, and invested the proceedings with a kind of fantastic grandeur, heightened by the rough costume and wild physiognomies of the more prominent actors in the farce.

A mock sheriff was speedily chosen by the unanimous acclamations of the mob; and, in the midst of shouts and hoarse laughter, he disappeared with a body-guard of volunteers into the deep gloom of the forest, to return a few minutes afterwards with two culprits, in safe custody, who were introduced with little formality into the circle, and were ordered to seat themselves on the ground. They obeyed, with an air of dogged indifference, and looked round with a savage glare of defiance.

Effingham started involuntarily as the torch-light shone upon their bronzed faces, and at the same moment Barnes pressed close to his side. "Do you know 'em?" he asked eagerly.

"Morris and McWeevil! What can be the meaning of this? I did not know they were at these diggings. Poor fellows! they don't look as though they had had much prosperity."

"Been up to some of their old tricks, I take it," said Simeon. "We shall soon see, though."

During this time a jury had been chosen by the votes of the mob, who seemed to look on the whole proceeding as a good joke, and had taken their seats on one side of the bench.

Percy was probably correct enough in attributing misfortune and disappointment to his two old acquaintances. Their countenances were haggard, and their dress was not merely rough and dirty—which would have been nothing extraordinary—but it exhibited evident tokens of want; and the deduction which Effingham drew from their appearance was, that, soon tiring of the laborious occupation of digging, if ever they had entered upon it, the wretched men had expended their means in dissipation, while unsuccessfully attempting to increase them by the dishonest practices in which they were deeply enough versed.

He had not much time, however, for solitary reflections. In a few minutes the proceedings had commenced, with a strange admixture of jest and earnest. It was difficult, indeed, to tell whether or not the more prominent parties, forming the tribunal of justice, were really serious in their usurped authority; for they maintained great gravity, while apparently enjoying the sport. But, whatever might be their real sentiments, there could be no question respecting the earnestness of the man who volunteered his evidence as chief, but not sole, witness against the prisoners. As he came forward, with gleams of vindictive satisfaction in his savage eye, Effingham once more started with surprise. This witness was none other than the stockman, who, under the designation of Little Joe, has figured slightly in an earlier portion of these pages.

It is not necessary to narrate in full the course of this trial by lynch-law: the accused prisoners were convicted, on sufficiently clear grounds, of

various acts of dishonesty. It seemed that they had been, some time before, handed over to the lawful authorities for robbing a tent; but had escaped punishment by some technical informality, and had had the temerity to re-appear on the scene of their former misdeeds. In consequence of the former failure, the people had determined to take the next offence into their own hands, and an opportunity had soon been given. The men had been taken, "red-handed," in an impudent robbery of horses; they were, moreover, accused of unfair play in gambling. Throughout their course, it appeared that the watchful eye of a spy had been kept on all their actions; and now, with a burst of malignant triumph, Little Joe heard the verdict of guilty pronounced against his former companions in crime, and settled himself into an attitude of eager expectation for the sentence.

Morris and M'Weevil, meanwhile, rose and attempted to burst through the surrounding crowd—vainly, however; they were too closely watched, and too securely kept within the charmed circle. They glared round them with fury, protested loudly against the proceedings as outrageous and irregular, demanded to be given up to the police, and threatened vengeance against their prosecutors, their judge, and the jury. It was all in vain; their protestations and threatenings were received with a laugh of contempt, and they were requested to say why judgment should not be pronounced. They then declared that the testimony against them was false and malicious; that they were the victims of a conspiracy; that the principal witness was influenced by a spirit of revenge for some former transactions, in which his cupidity had been baffled; and that, consequently, he was unworthy of credit.

The judge listened patiently, and then proceeded to sentence the culprits to the mild discipline, as he termed it, of the lash, and perpetual banishment from the diggings; gravely concluding his address with encomiums on the leniency of the sentence, which he reminded the prisoners might have been extended to "a short shrift and a leap from the next tree into eternity;" and with exhortations to an amended life. The speech, which was delivered with some degree of practised eloquence, was received with rapturous applause; and a rush was made upon the prisoners, who were forthwith dragged from the mock tribunal to undergo the first part of their punishment. And as Percy and his companions turned away disgusted with the farce—though far from sympathizing with the culprits, who plainly enough deserved punishment—the last person on whom their eyes rested was Little Joe, flourishing over his head, in mad exultation, the formidable thong which he had offered to wield.

Hastening from the scene, the tumult gradually died away; and, above it, they heard the sharp sound of the descending lash, and the loud cries of its victims. But the adventures of the night were not yet ended.

CHAPTER LX.

A DEATH SCENE IN A DIGGER'S TENT.

WE have said that there was considerable sickness at the diggings; and though not of a very fatal character, there was enough to give tolerably full

and lucrative employment to several members of the faculty, who had pitched their tents in that locality. In this respect our readers will perceive that the Turon gold-fields were, from some cause or other, more favourable to the miners than those of the sister colony. Probably, however, the comparison is merely temporary. But, be this as it may, our three friends were proceeding homewards, threading their way through the confused field of tents—now stepping aside to avoid the fierce attack of a watch dog—now springing over a smouldering heap of red embers; at one time accosted by a solitary digger, still seated at his tent-door, smoking—and at another hearing the loud objurgations and fierce contentions of voices, the owners of which were hidden by their canvass walls.

It was later than they had supposed; for the scene they had witnessed, though speedily consummated, had occupied two or three hours; and the walk homeward had been lengthened by a considerable *détour*, to avoid mixing with the lynch mob on its return to the camp; so that the three men were in a part of the valley distant from their own quarters, distant too from the head quarters of the commissioner and the police force, and amidst tents tenanted mostly by the more disreputable portion of the mining population, though not that portion of it which had borne a prominent part in the evening's performances.

It was while threading their way, then, through this outskirting encampment that they crossed the path of a man who seemed in some haste, and whom, by the light of a near fire, Percy at once recognised as a doctor with whom he had formed a kind of neighbourly acquaintance. The recognition was mutual; and the practitioner laid his hand on Percy's arm.

"I am glad I have met with you," he said hastily. "I wish you would step out of your way a few hundred yards, and go with me."

"Certainly, if you wish it; but it is time all sober people were in bed—doctors excepted, of course."

"I do wish it. The fact is, I am going to visit a queer kind of patient; but we can talk as we move along. Your friends will go with us?"

Clinton and Barnes assented, and the party stepped on rapidly.

"A queer kind of patient, as I was saying," continued the doctor: "he is pretty near the end of this life; and if there is another——"

"I wish," said Percy gravely, "that you would not speak in that way. However, you won't shake my faith there."

"I know that; and, another thing, I don't wish to shake it. But what I was going to say is, that my poor patient is in a desperate bad fix for this world, and for the next too, by all accounts: and as you have the reputation for being particularly—what shall I call it?—serious——"

"I wish it were true, with all my heart," said Effingham.

"Yes, yes; I know all about that. Well, say that you are uncommonly serious then; and you may have a word in season, you know, for the poor sinner—eh?"

"I am very unfit for such an office," replied

Percy, irresolutely. "My coloured friend, Abraham, would have much more to say, and more to the purpose. I had rather you had asked some one else to accompany you."

"Oh nonsense! you'll do very well," said the practitioner. "Besides, to tell the truth, that isn't everything. The man, whatever he is, has more than once, when he has been raving, blurted out a name very much like your own, only with a difference; and I am not sure that he mayn't have something to tell that you may as well know."

"Indeed! What is the man's name?" Percy asked.

"That's more than I can tell. I don't want to know my patients' names particularly. I can get on better without, sometimes: it saves answering awkward questions, you know. So I just number them. This fellow, now, I call number a hundred and six. He isn't A 1, by any means. But you'll come along."

No further objection was made, and the party soon stopped at the entrance of a miserable tent, which the doctor entered, followed by Effingham.

A gaunt-looking, emaciated man, in one of the later stages—perhaps the last—of a hectic fever, lay tossing on a heap of filthy straw, and partially covered with a blanket. His eyes were frightfully rolling in their sockets, till, at times, only the glassy whites were visible. His arms, which he waved wildly over his head till they dropped powerless by his side, were reduced to skin and bone. His breathing was laboured, so that at times the whole body was convulsed by the efforts he made to sustain the vital action of the wasted lungs.

He did not appear to notice the arrival of the visitors; and as Percy bent over him with a lamp which he found on the floor, and which shed sufficient light upon the patient to reveal the particulars we have described, it was with difficulty that he could trace in the countenance of the dying man some resemblance to that of his partner at the Turon diggings.

"Chauker!" exclaimed Percy, horror-stricken.

"Who says Chauker?" gasped the dying man. "I am not Chauker! Who want's Chauker?" and he fixed his eyes on Effingham.

There was a pause of a minute; for Percy, unaccustomed to scenes like this, was sickened and confused. At length he stammered: "You know me, don't you? your partner Effingham, you remember. I was told you might have something to say to me."

The miserable man uttered a frightful yell.—"Twasn't I," he whooped; "I tell you 'twasn't. I'll stand to it to my dying day. 'Twas that young Josh. The young scoundrel—to run away and leave me here—robbed me too! He did it. I'll split upon him, I will. 'Twas he as fired the pistol, he did. Ha-ha."

We spare our readers the further ravings of a dying reprobate. It is enough to say that those ravings revealed to Percy the murder of his former companion Halliday, in a solitary gully in the Blue Mountains, by the wretched man before him and his son. Whether it were premeditated, with the view of appropriating the victim's share of gold; or whether it was the result of a sudden quarrel, he could not gather; and, terror-struck with the

discovery, he was standing by the bed, uncertain what next to say or do, when the opening of the tent was thrust aside and the young American sprang forward.

If Percy's countenance was changed, that of Clinton was much more so. His cheeks were deadly pale, and his eyes flashed fire.

"I heard his voice!" he shouted. "I know it: I should know it amidst ten thousand. I have heard it day and night ringing in my ears. I must see him—the murderer!" and he bent over the prostrate man a stern and searching gaze.

"My brother's murderer—there he lies," he said—and his hand grasped the pistol which Effingham had that evening called his bosom friend.

The exclamation and the movement recalled Effingham to himself; and, quick as thought, he laid his hand on Clinton's, and whispered in his ear: "Clinton, consider. He is in God's hands; who has said, 'Vengeance is mine.'"

The young American's eyes for a moment blazed, as he turned them upon his friend. It was but for a moment. "You are right," he said, huskily. "I have prayed for vengeance; but not on such a wretch as that. May God forgive him: but he murdered my brother, Effingham, in cold blood—my brother!" and he staggered into the night-air like a man in a dream.

"In Californy 'twas!" gasped the dying man. They were his last words.

"I've seen enough on't," said Simeon Barnes, as, an hour later, the party proceeded slowly to their tent. "You mean to leave these diggings to-morrow, Mr. Effingham? and you, Mr. Clinton? Say so agin, and I'll go too."

THE INTERIOR OF A DUCAL MANSION.

IN a former number of this journal* we gave our readers a description of Chatsworth and its magnificent conservatory. A recent work by Dr. Waagen, "The Treasures of Art in Great Britain," furnishes us with an interesting glimpse of the interior of the duke of Devonshire's town mansion, with some additional notices of Chatsworth itself, as visited in the company of its noble owner. We transcribe the paper, which will be found one of much interest.

"On calling at Devonshire House, with the intention of waiting on the duke, I found that his grace was at his villa at Chiswick, near London; I therefore left my letters from their royal highnesses princess Louisa and prince Charles of Prussia. A few days after I received a very polite note from the duke, in which he invited me to call on him the following day. He received me with great kindness, and conducted me himself about his mansion. It is situated in a court-yard, surrounded with high walls, and has a large garden behind. The arrangement of the apartments is very convenient; though the house has only one story besides the ground-floor, and the exterior is by no means striking. On the other hand, the treasures of art and literature which it contains are of extraordinary value. Besides the rich gallery of paintings, I saw in the duke's sitting-room a glass

* "Leisure Hour," Vol. II, No. 83.

case over a chimney-piece, containing a collection of engraved gems, with some medals, 564 in number, among which I observed several of great value. But how great was my joy when the duke, at my request, took down the celebrated 'Liber Veritatis,' and allowed me to look it over at my leisure. This was the name given by Claude Lorraine to a book containing drawings, by his own hand, of the pictures which he had painted. The extraordinary esteem in which his pictures were held, even during his life-time, induced many painters to execute compositions in his style, the spuriousness of which might be detected by their not being entered in his 'Book of Truth.' The number of drawings is two hundred. On the reverse of the first a label is pasted, with an inscription in Claude's hand-writing, which I here give in his own orthography:—

"Audi. 10 agosto 1677
ce present livre Aupartien a moy que je faisit durant
ma vie Claudio Gillee Dit le lorains
A Roma ce 23 Aos. 1680.

"Claude Lorraine was seventy-eight years of age in 1680, and died about two years after. He also wrote on the back of each drawing the number, with his monogram, the place where, and generally the person for whom it was painted, and sometimes the year; but he never omitted the 'Claudio fecit.' According to his will, this book was to remain as an heirloom in his family, which direction was so faithfully observed by his descendants, that all the pains taken by Cardinal d'Estrees, the French ambassador at Rome, to obtain possession of it failed. The later heirs, however, were so little influenced by this species of filial piety, that they sold it, for the low price of 200 scudi, to a French jeweller, who sold it again in Holland, whence it came into the possession of the duke of Devonshire, by whom it is held in due honour. The well-known facsimiles by Barlow, in the work published by Boydell, give but a very general and monotonous representation of these fine drawings. The masterly, light, and delicate mode of the execution, in every gradation, from the slightest to the most finished sketch, really exceeds belief."

On another occasion Dr. Waagen paid a farther visit to the duke at his princely establishment at Chatsworth. The following is his description:—

"I now entered the picturesque and beautiful county of Derby, and lost no time in visiting Chatsworth, the princely seat of the duke of Devonshire, of which I had retained the most agreeable recollection. Meanwhile I had heard the most favourable reports of the various new improvements and acquisitions of works of art made by the duke. I was pleased when my driver, seeing a flag waving upon a tower, told me that this was a certain sign that the duke himself was at Chatsworth.

"On my arrival I was sorry to learn that his grace was confined to his bed by a violent cold, and therefore could not see me. He, however, sent me a friendly welcome, and ordered me to be shown into a room, which combined in a high degree elegance with comfort. The mansion, which is in the Italian style of architecture, is grandly situated, and has a very noble appearance; it has been considerably enlarged by the present duke, who has

added a whole wing, and three grand entrances in the form of a Roman triumphal arch; many other improvements are also going on. A very compact sandstone, of a beautiful yellowish colour, which is found in Derbyshire, a county abounding in stone and marble, affords an equally solid and handsome material. The spacious staircase has rather a gloomy appearance, from the old darkened oil paintings which hang on the walls. The apartments, therefore, strike you the more agreeably, being extremely light, and of fine proportions, furnished with the most refined splendour and elegance, and adorned with fine works of art—paintings, sculptures, and drawings. I had just ended a general survey of the whole when a servant brought me word that luncheon was ready.

"After this meal was over, which differed from dinner in nothing but name, the servant showed me into the library, and told me the duke would soon join me. This fine apartment contains, in elegant bookcases, the rarest literary treasures in the choicest bindings. In early editions it is exceeded by none in England, except by the celebrated library at Althorp. To the ample store of volumes which the present duke inherited have been added the greatest rarities from the renowned library of the duke of Roxburgh, the library of the bishop of Ely purchased for 10,000*l.*, and a large library which he has inherited from his uncle, lord Cavendish. The duke, who entered, and appeared to be very much indisposed, addressed me in the most friendly manner, inviting me to remain at Chatsworth as long as it should be agreeable to me, and then proceeded to show me the greatest curiosities. It was with peculiar pleasure that I examined, among others, the oldest Florentine edition of Homer. Printed on the finest white parchment with the most elegant type, the initials painted in miniature, it offers a most beautiful object to the eye. The recollection that, after about 1000 years' oblivion, this edition had again furnished many with the means of drinking at this ancient fountain of poetry, gave it in my eyes an additional charm. Here, too, I saw some of the rarest impressions by Caxton, the first who practised the art of printing in England. On leaving me, the duke gave me the keys to all these treasures, telling me I need not return them till my departure.

"After spending my time much to my satisfaction, I was again joined by his grace, who invited me to take a drive to some distance with him. He told me, to my surprise, that the many very beautiful kinds of marble, of which a large slab was composed, are all found in Derbyshire. I was most pleased with one of them, the deep red of which quite resembles many of the painted walls in Pompeii. His grace pointed out to me two very elegant bowls, which he had caused to be made of this marble in Italy. A marble of the purest, deepest black, is found in such large blocks, that the duke has had a copy of the statue of Isis, nearly the size of life, made of it. A pedestal of very beautiful porphyry, and a large vase of serpentine, are, as his grace told me, presents from the emperor of Russia.

"A light and elegant droschky, with two chestnut ponies, beautifully matched, and of the largest and finest race, were standing at the door. On one of them sat a handsome slender postilion, in a

light blue velvet jacket trimmed with silver. An outrider opened the gates on the road, and thus we proceeded rapidly and pleasantly along. We went first to the extensive kitchen-gardens, where every kind of vegetable and herb is cultivated in the highest perfection. We next visited a number of hot-houses. In one of them tropical plants of the rarest species were collected in greater numbers than in the one nearer the mansion. In others, innumerable pine-apples, some of them of enormous size, raised their golden heads, and filled the air with an almost overpowering fragrance. In others, again, hundreds of magnificent bunches of black grapes hung down, looking very tempting. On my observing to the duke that his table was indeed very completely furnished, he suddenly opened a door, and desired me to look in. There, in a dark, damp, and hot place, the rarest and most delicate species of mushrooms were thriving luxuriantly. The park itself, through which we then drove, having the advantage of very considerable and beautifully wooded eminences, affords extremely picturesque views, which are agreeably animated by numerous herds of deer. In order to reach some points from which the mansion has a fine effect, and groups very happily with the hills, we turned out of the beaten road, and rolled rapidly over the soft verdant turf, which, like all the rest, is kept in the highest order. Several young plantations manifest the duke's taste for the picturesque. He told me he wished to show me Haddon Hall, an old castle now belonging to the duke of Rutland; we therefore drove along a charming valley inclosed by beautifully wooded hills, in which this castle, with its tower, has a very romantic effect. It is of but small extent, and is an instance of the moderate pretensions of noblemen in the middle ages.

"At dinner, besides the duke, I met lord Cavendish, a near relation, with his young consort, a lady of that elegant and slender form which is rarely met with except in England; and an old gentleman. During the time that the hospitable duke passes at Chatsworth, the number of his guests sometimes amounts to fifty.

"My first visit to Chatsworth was, as I have already mentioned, in 1835—my second, in 1850; on which occasion the duke was absent, being at that time on his Irish estates. The lapse of years, however, had not diminished his courteous kindness towards me, and I received from his grace a card which not only procured me the most humane treatment from the housekeeper, and the undisturbed inspection of all the above-mentioned treasures of art, but also allowed me to view the magnificent grounds, and all the many improvements in the gardens made by the duke since 1835.

"Although the gentleman since become so well known to the world as sir Joseph Paxton, to whom my card was also addressed, was absent at the time, his secretary was most obliging in supplying his place. With a correct feeling for what is necessary in a transition from the sole supremacy of art, as seen in buildings, to the realms of garden and park, where she may be said to rule conjointly with nature, the great terrace which joins on to the back part of the edifice, and which now lay before me sparkling in the morning sun, is of strict symmetrical arrangement, and richly adorned at stated

distances with copies in marble from well-known antique sculptures. The effect is that of great splendour and grandeur; this was enhanced when the 'Emperor,' the loftiest fountain in existence, sent forth its silver beam 260 feet in height from the basin of tritons that receives its airy shower, while, on the left, in happy contrast, a fine mass of water poured down in various stages like a liquid veil; two waterfalls added their rushing sound, and, in far distance, smaller *jets d'eau* rose like lines of light among the trees of the garden. I now proceeded, to my great delight, and under all the advantages of the finest weather, to the different portions of the magnificent grounds, in which art, no longer restricted by the rules of architecture, appears under the most picturesque forms. Every beauty has been called into existence in Chatsworth that a finely undulating ground, a magnificent vegetation, the rarest variety of native and foreign trees and plants, all improved by the finest taste and the amplest means, can combine."

ABDUL MEDJID KHAN,

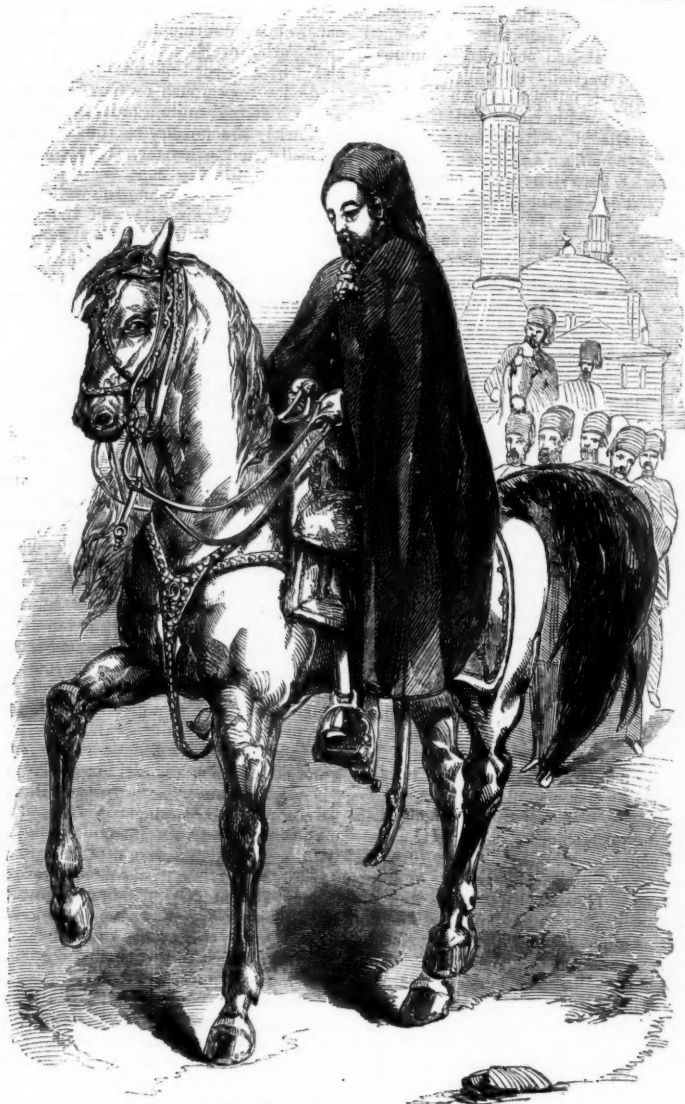
THE PRESENT SULTAN OF TURKEY.

"His highness, our very magnificent lord and master, sultan Abdul Medjid, has ascended the throne. Allah grant his reign may give happiness to his people." Such was the tenor of the proclamation trumpeted forth by the public crier at Stamboul, when the subject of the present sketch, the twenty-first son of the late sultan Mahmoud, commonly called the reformer, succeeded to the sultanship of Turkey. He was then in the sixteenth year of his age—a mere stripling to assume so weighty a charge as that which devolved upon him with the crown; but, happily, he was possessed of considerable firmness of purpose, and was imbued with the reforming principles of his father, while from his mother he inherited a gentleness of disposition. It was on the 1st of July, 1839—now nearly fifteen years since—that the "black camel" of death, as it is poetically termed in the east, knelt before the kiosk of Ichamlidja, and Mahmoud the reformer closed a reign of thirty-one years' duration in the fifty-fourth year of his age. His decease closed and clasped, let us hope for ever, that fearfully long catalogue of crime and wholesale slaughter which pervades the pages of the history of the Ottoman sultans, from the days of Soliman the Magnificent down to the massacre of the Janissaries—the last deep tragedy enacted in the Ottoman empire, and a drop scene to ages of terror and bloodshed.

The last years of Mahmoud were one series of troubles and disasters. On the 23rd of March, 1826, the mediation of England and Russia in the affairs of Greece was offered to that sultan, and by him refused, though he thanked these powers and France for their intentions. Ibrahim Pasha, the son of Mehemet Ali of Egypt, acting upon the instructions of the sultan, spared neither sex nor age. The Morea was laid waste, towns and villages burnt, and fertile fields desolated. These atrocities led to the treaty concluded in London on the 6th of July, 1827, between England, France, and Russia, when it was determined again to tender the mediation of these powers, with the un-

derstanding that, if hostilities should not have ceased within one month from their offer, the three allied powers would compel the Turks and Greeks to lay down their arms. Mahmoud was deaf to reason and remonstrance; the horrors perpetrated

Then followed the war between Russia and Turkey, which began in the spring of the year 1828. Added to these reverses were the rebellion and conquests of the Egyptians; so that only six days before his demise, and whilst suffering from



ABDUL MEDJID KHAN, SULTAN OF TURKEY.

by Ibrahim Pasha continued, and the result was the celebrated naval engagement of Navarino, so disastrous to the Ottoman fleet; but this reverse, instead of softening the irritated sultan, made him more furious than ever, and Mahmoud proclaimed to his people that Russia was the irreconcilable enemy of the Mussulman.

the fatal complaint that carried him to the grave, his army had been totally routed by the troops of Mehemet Ali at the battle of Nezib. Dying a victim to the excesses in which he had long indulged, Mahmoud II yet had effected many changes, which were sadly at variance with the notions of propriety and respect for faith and country enter-

tained by the bigoted Turks of the old school, but which laid the foundation for advancement in civilization and toleration of other religions. It was this spirit of reformation that led to violent demonstrations on the part of those most bigoted of bigots, the Janissaries, whose last audacious demand, immediately preceding their massacre, was aimed as a death-blow at all those threatened improvements which it had occupied Mahmoud nearly a lifetime to partially introduce amongst his people. They were as follows:—"Abdication of the sultan; the heads of his vizier and the partisans of the Nizam Djedid, or European discipline; the disbanding of the sultan's trained troops; the sack and burning of Pera; the destruction of the ghious of every creed in the town, even of the European ambassadors at Buyukdere and Therapia; war with all Christendom; three months' pay; and a month's rations." Such were the not over-modest demands of these ferocious pretorian guards. Their ambition led to their utter destruction; but their last claims are an honourable memento to Mahmoud on the pages of history, inasmuch as they prove beyond refutation his friendly support of all those improvements in civilization enumerated in the above demands, and against which the ire of these fanatics was directed.

Mahmoud, at the commencement of his reign, displayed none of those favourable symptoms which latterly developed themselves, and led civilized Europe to hope so much from his system of government. On first ascending the throne, he manifested a ruthless cruelty; but, towards his end, he gave proof of a humane disposition. At first, he was an advocate for slavery in its most pernicious form; yet, in 1830, he issued a firman, which was considered as a first step towards the abolition of that obnoxious trade in Turkey. Though his fury had been great, and his hatred to the Greeks implacable, no sooner was the treaty of independence concluded with them than he showed no lingering ill-will, never availing himself of any opportunity to gratify malice by persecuting them.

Of his private habits and customs we are told, that in his meals he was frugal, eating only twice a day; and that he first introduced amongst the Turks the European fashion of dining, sitting on a chair, at a table properly spread and furnished with knives, forks, and all other requisites of gastronomic etiquette. His dishes were served up carefully covered and sealed, so that he made sure of no inquisitive menials dipping into their contents *en route* from the kitchen. He used wine and abused it, for it is supposed that his death was occasioned by over-indulgence in spirituous liquors. In his domestic relations he was mild and gentle, being a kind master and an indulgent father, oftentimes amusing himself by the hour in carrying his children upon his back, horseman fashion. Mahmoud was the first man to wage a war of extermination against the dogs, which for centuries have infested the streets of Constantinople. Even now-a-days they are bad enough; but before his reign, having been long tolerated and supported by religious superstition, they had accumulated so as to be a constant source of peril to the wayfarer. He introduced military uniforms and discipline amongst his troops, and patronized martial music; but perhaps the most difficult reform introduced was that

of European saddles, to supplant the use of the hard wooden *sorrees*, so intimately connected with a traveller's *souvenirs* of Turkey and the east. Mahmoud himself was the first to mount one, though at the risk of breaking his neck.

Then came the most startling of all innovations—the printing and publishing of a Turkish newspaper at Constantinople. The "Taakvimi Veekai," or "Tatler of Events," edited by M. Blague, assisted by a learned native historian and poet, first made its appearance on Guy Fawkes' day, 1831. Though at first quite a puzzle to the greater mass of Turks, the novelty of the thing excited their curiosity, and every man who could read, either subscribed for the paper or went to the coffee-house to read it. When the writer of this paper was at Antioch, in 1848, all the beys and ayans anxiously awaited the weekly arrival of the Tartar post from Stamboul, because it brought them these newspapers, through the columns of which they learned with indescribable astonishment the fact, that a man was projecting an aerial ship to navigate the air like a balloon. They thought nothing too extraordinary for the Franks after their steamers and railways; and many an old Turk confidently expected to see this wonderful ship sailing over-head some day, on its way from England to India. Great was their disappointment to hear that the affair had all ended in smoke.

In 1831, Mahmoud issued a firman for the repair of many of the Greek churches that had been in a state of dilapidation since the Greek revolution; and thirty-six Armenian and twenty-nine Greek churches were accordingly repaired. He abolished the barbarous custom of sending the ambassadors of any power at rupture with the Porte, to the prison of the seven towers; and he overcame a very strong Mahomedan prejudice, by sitting to several artists for his own portrait. Anatomy was first sanctioned and encouraged by Mahmoud, who founded a school for surgery in January, 1832, under M. Desgalliers, a professor. He also provided a lunatic asylum, for the retreat and cure of helpless creatures who had heretofore been accustomed to the grossest ill-usage, but who were now placed under a Hungarian physician. Vaccination was also introduced and insisted upon, while quarantines were established all through the Ottoman dominions. Amongst other reforms attempted, was the presiding of the sultan personally at councils—a practice contrary to all former usage. He endeavoured also, but unsuccessfully, to put a check to the shameful monopoly existing in the nomination of pashas and other officials. Finally, to conclude with the words of a well-known author, Dr. Walsh:—"When it is considered how long it took to conquer the prejudices and antipathies of different religious sects among us, and to what an extent they still continue, one cannot help admiring this tolerant Turk, who, amongst the opposition and difficulties he had to encounter, showed himself so liberal and enlightened. In proof of his liberality, on one occasion he distributed one thousand pounds sterling amongst a number of schools, including Greeks and Armenians."

Such was the father of Abdul Medjid, the subject of the present sketch, who was born on the 19th of April, 1823, and who came to the throne a

few days after his father's death, in 1839. Truly he had but a forlorn prospect before him when he first assumed the reins of government. With Mehemet Ali in open hostilities, the Russians fomenting intrigues and dissensions, the provinces of European Turkey verging upon open rebellion, Abdul Medjid came to a throne that seemed tottering on the verge of destruction. And yet in reality, *de facto*, he has acquired more right to be called the reformer than had his father Mahmoud. The former cleared the way and prepared the ground; the latter reared the structure and executed even more than his predecessor had planned. If his will could have had free scope, and he had been unfettered by intrigues, both domestic and foreign, we believe Turkey might have ranked, almost at this day, with the more enlightened countries of Europe, as far as civil and religious privileges are concerned; but opposition to his will has been powerful and obstinate. Various ambassadors of different European powers—for the furtherance of schemes of ambition, from private pique, or for the satisfaction of the governments they represented—have proved insuperable stumbling-blocks in the way of Abdul Medjid's schemes of civilization, equalization, and tolerance. So-called religious questions, mooted by priests and supported by their consuls, originating in disgraceful squabbles—between sects repairing to the holy sepulchre, and terminating in breaches of peace and law—have debarred many a poor native rayah from enjoying the privileges accorded to him by firmans; while the jealousies existing between Latins, Greeks, and Armenians have militated sadly to their own prejudice. Often, whilst the sultan has been planning further ameliorations for the condition of his Christian rayah subjects, his thoughts have been diverted from the matter by the obnoxious conduct of these Christians themselves. The frequent troubles in the Lebanon between the Druses and the Maronites; the conflicts between Greeks and Roman Catholic priests; these, and many other evils, have been attributed to the misused influence of European consuls, who, acting upon the suggestions of their superiors, have found it convenient to excite and stir up such turmoils for the furtherance of private ends. The English have invariably been an exception to this rule; and to the firm support and counselling of lord de Redcliff, the British ambassador, are the Christian inhabitants of Turkey, under Divine Providence, indebted for the several privileges they now enjoy, and for still more now pending, and which may shortly be expected to be proclaimed and carried out.

The Rev. John Anderson, in his "Wanderings in the Land of Israel," describes the appearance of Abdul Medjid as seen going to mosque one Friday in March, 1851. "He seemed," he says, "about forty years of age, his hair reddish, his face pale and sickly and scarred with the small-pox. In his appearance there was nothing striking or commanding." Be this as it may, he has done much good for his subjects of all denominations, and his sympathy has even extended to our sister island, Ireland; for, when the famine was raging there, the sultan subscribed to the succour of its suffering people.

Perhaps the brightest gem in his diadem was

his magnanimous defence of the Hungarian refugees, when, fleeing from the violence and cruelty of Russia and Austria, these unfortunate but brave men sought and obtained his friendship and support. The conduct of the sultan relative to this affair constitutes a very honourable, as it is a most interesting, episode in his life. There is but little doubt his noblest sympathies, long dormant, were awakened on behalf of the Hungarians, and in the inmost recesses of his heart he wished them success in their efforts on behalf of liberty; yet he thereby missed an opportunity which might have given him an almost impregnable position against the secret intrigues or the more daring open attacks of Russia. The sultan, of his own accord, had resolved to give shelter and protection to Kossuth and his followers, against both Austria and Russia, long before he was acquainted, through our ambassador, of the intention of the British government to support his energetic efforts in the cause of humanity. And all the credit of that very creditable transaction is due alone to Abdul Medjid—the offspring of his kindly disposition. Though the sultan was in a manner constrained to send orders to the effect that the refugees should be disarmed, he privately directed Zia Pasha, to whom these orders were transmitted, to pay them the full value of their arms. The divan, it may be remembered, urged the sultan to give up the noblest of the brave refugees—those who refused at any cost to forsake their faith; but the sultan resisted this advice, appealing to a passage in the Koran, which commands hospitality; and though he was told by European ambassadors that he was risking his throne, he showed himself from the first determined in the course of policy he adopted.

To understand and fully appreciate the genuine generosity displayed by the sultan on this occasion, it must be remembered that he has innately a horror and dread of war; but he has also a detestation of capital punishments, and he was well aware that had he yielded the refugees up into Austria's clutches, they had no mercy to hope for in that quarter. It is a startling but remarkable fact, that Abdul Medjid is one of the first sultans who has not proved a fratricide, or worse: his brother Abdulazez remains in dangerous propinquity to the throne; yet, ungrateful for this leniency on the part of his royal relative, he has often plotted against the sultan, and only a few months since headed the opposition of some fanatical Turks of the old school, when fifteen imams, mussulman students, were taken and bowstrung.

All the tastes of the sultan are said to be gentle and refined, and his predilections have exposed him to the ridicule and hatred of many of his barbarian and more warlike subjects. He is devotedly fond of music, possessing this partiality, however, without power of execution; for, after a lifetime of study and assiduity, he is said to be incapable of accomplishing more than a single tune on the piano—which is a march, known as the "Sultan's March," and presumed to be his own composition. It is said that when the celebrated composer Donizetti was on a visit to the sultan, prior to a display of the various musical attainments of the court, Abdul Medjid walked up to the piano, and requesting the great composer's undivided atten-

tion, executed his solitary march amidst the adulatory praises of his sycophants. But this very love of music argues well for his disposition, as it is hard to conceive the notion of a ruffian devoting his leisure hours to such refining pursuits.

The sultan is also a warm and intelligent patron of the arts. One great object of his reign is to promote industry, and to discourage those ruinous accumulations of weapons and warlike works in which his ancestors delighted. It is well known that he responded to the call made by the Great Exhibition of 1851 with princely liberality.

Unlike most oriental princes, the sultan has no tinge of avarice in his disposition. Of this he has given ample proofs; but, perhaps, none so convincing and undeniable as in the instance of the death of his mother, last year. This old lady left her favourite son, Abdul Medjid, 400,000*l.*; but he would have none of it, handing it all over to the treasury for the purposes of the state.

In many projects for the advancement of civilization the sultan has totally failed, from want of proper support by a few more such efficient ministers as his vizier Redschid Pasha. It is related, amongst minor plans for comfort, etc., that Abdul Medjid projected the novelty of a small peak attached to the ordinary fez—an addition highly requisite in hot countries, where the glare is often deleterious to the eyes. But the Turks of the old school were enraged at the innovation; the fez had been metamorphosed into a hat, and was objected to as being proscribed by the Koran. The sultan relinquished it; but shortly afterwards, riding out with the sheik Il Islam, the moslem high priest, they proceeded westwards, straight towards the setting sun. The sultan pointed out to him the surrounding beauties and picturesque scenery. The high priest was courteously obsequious; but, in order to contemplate certain objects, he was compelled to shade his eyes with his outstretched hand at right angles with his forehead. The sultan watched his opportunity, and struck the hand of the priest heavily with his riding whip. The sheik was reminded that the Koran forbade peaks or shades to the eyes. The priest was at once convinced of his folly, and the next day the peak appeared again in public.

Perhaps the greatest failing of the sultan is a thirst, inherited from his father, to gratify which champagne is indulged in, as not being pointedly excluded by the Koran. Apart from this, there is nothing to militate against him; his whole line of conduct, through the protracted and annoying negotiations connected with the present outbreak with Russia, redounds to his credit; it has not detracted one iota from the sultan's character for moderation and toleration, whilst it has displayed to the best possible advantage the progress made by the Turks under his enlightened sway.

He commenced his reign well, issuing on the 3rd of November, 1839, that famous "Hatti-cherif," a supplement to which appeared in May, 1852, which was proclaimed by Redschid Pasha from the palace of Top-Kapon in Gul-Hané, in the presence of the European ambassadors, the Greek and Armenian patriarchs, the rabbis of the Jews, the sultan's ministers and other civil and military functionaries, and the ulemas themselves. This accorded to all subjects, of whatever creed, equal

privileges. Insuperable obstacles have hitherto prevented this firman from being carried fully out; for the sultan has lacked physical force to render practical his excellent projects and plans, which met amongst the ayans and beys, the effendis, pashas and mutzellums—Turks of the old school—the most obstinate opposition. Still, in part, its good effects have been felt; the rest may yet be experienced. Meanwhile, the last point accorded—the testimony of Christians in Turkish law-courts—adds another feather to the cap of our ambassador, and redounds to the credit of Abdul Medjid, from whom great things may yet be expected, when it shall please God to restore the blessing of peace once again to all nations.

The earl of Shaftesbury, in his late speech before parliament, showed the advances that Protestant missions were making in Turkey. Additional measures of toleration have recently been passed; so that, undoubtedly, religious truth enjoys at the sultan's hands—Mohamedan as he is—advantages for its diffusion which would have been instantaneously checked had Turkey fallen into the hands of the ambitious czar.

'TIS FORTY YEARS SINCE.

WALKING one day, a few summers back, on the high lands in the rear of the cliffs which overhang the town of Dover, I fell in accidentally with an elderly man who had passed his youth, and indeed his whole life, in the immediate neighbourhood. Conversation, commencing with the established formulas concerning the weather, soon fell into a more interesting channel. The report of a gun from the Castle Hill recalled to his memory the old war period, and he informed me that on the spot where he then stood he had distinctly heard the hollow murmur of the artillery fired on the plains of Waterloo, on the afternoon of the celebrated 18th of June; the sound being borne to his ears across a distance of nearly fourscore English miles.

"Ah! the war time," he continued, "was full of events and excitements. While our fleets and armies were abroad, doing and suffering too on a grand scale, the coast nearest to the enemy presented a continued spectacle of war on a small and petty footing, and characterized by greed and selfishness rather than patriotism and glory, yet not the less interesting, perhaps, to a quiet observer. The great game played by the governments of France and England was copied on a smaller scale by private adventurers in both countries, and no species of ingenuity and cunning, or of audacity either, was left untried by either party to wrest a prize from the other. I can tell you a curious tale, not much spoken about now-a-days, though it concerns a man whose character is the property of history, and will remain so as long as history itself remains to instruct mankind. We have all heard and read of sir Sidney Smith, as the obstinate champion who withstood the career of Buonaparte in the east and beat back his arms from the walls of St. Jean d'Acre. Well—it is not so generally known, that after having achieved that famous exploit, and rendered a service to his country and to Europe which neither will ever

forget, he began, upon his return home, to make war upon the enemy upon his own account. Yet so it was—and this is the way he did it. He purchased a stout merchant vessel of about five hundred tons burden; had her fitted up below like a miniature man-of-war, and pierced with fifty port-holes, each armed with a small brass gun to carry grape and canister shot. He put between two and three hundred bold fellows on board—regular daring fellows, who cared not a straw for anything on the seas—masked his guns with a canvass curtain painted to imitate a ship's timbers—loaded his heavy stores forward, so that the vessel might pitch and heel in the old merchant-ship fashion—drove all his seamen down below as soon as a sail appeared in sight, and kept a very short crew, in great-coats and sou'-westers, on deck. In fact, his craft appeared to the French privateers just like a merchantman deeply laden, short of hands, and navigated by a lubberly crew who wanted skill to keep her at a safe distance from the enemy's coast. As a matter of course, the first of them that saw her ran out to gobble up the fat goose. But they were no sooner alongside than off went the mask—the fat goose showed the tiger's teeth, and summoned the Frenchman to surrender. If he refused, the seamen made short work with him by means of their grape and canister and boarding-pikes, and soon lugged him as a prize into the nearest port. So successful was this manoeuvre, that the hero of Acre not only enriched himself by his captures, but also a number of other speculators who awaited him in port to buy up the wholesale plunder thus easily obtained. Of course, all was fish that came to net—whether it was an armed privateer, a trader, or a fishing vessel: there was no mercy and but one measure allotted to all. It is a fact, that two prizes have on more than one occasion been thus deluded and captured, and brought into Dover harbour in a single day. People were not wanting, even then, when the war feeling was very strong and very bitter, who thought that sir Sidney added more to his wealth than to his reputation by the success of his cunning stratagem, which it must be confessed was of a rather un-English character. But they may laugh who win—and there were a good many who laughed heartily, and not without reason, if winnings are a reason, at the joke of the thing at that time of day—though little is said about it, now that sir Sidney stands grandly in his niche in the temple of fame.

"The Frenchmen were dreadfully furious at the trick, as you may be sure, and perhaps they tried to play a similar game: at any rate, I recollect a circumstance which looks uncommonly like it. One day, in the autumn—I forget at this moment of what year—there were lying in the Roads some fifteen or twenty vessels under the protection of the guns of our batteries, waiting for convoy to send them safe across the Atlantic. It happened that a gentleman connected with the harbour and the harbour-dues, who knew every vessel that ought to be there, took a walk on the cliffs. From habit, he began counting the vessels, and made out one too many; he counted again—it was no mistake, there was one vessel beyond the reckoning! Up goes his glass, and he began a careful examination of every one. Sure enough, he dis-

covered before long that the additional one was a French privateer in disguise, which had come over in the night, and was no doubt waiting for a chance to cut out one or more of the unarmed vessels, and make off with the booty. The thing could not be attempted by daylight, because of the guns of the batteries; but in the dark it might be done with no great difficulty. The discoverer immediately marched off to the Castle with his information, and the fact being established beyond a doubt, messengers were sent to all the batteries, with orders to open fire upon the impudent interloper at the instant that the old church clock of Dover should strike the last stroke of four. The news was not allowed to get abroad, for fear of creating an alarm; but some of the respectable inhabitants were let into the secret, and myself among the number. You may be sure I did not lose the opportunity. I mounted to a good point of view half an hour before the time, and sat anxiously waiting the result. At last the old clock struck the quarters, and then—dong! dong! dong! but instead of the fourth dong! a roar from fifty pieces of heavy artillery, that startled the nerves of every living thing for miles around, and rang clear across the channel to the very head of Calais. However, no great mischief was done. From fear of destroying our own vessels, the shots had been sent rather wide of the mark, and did no more harm than a little damage to the Frenchman's rigging. He cut his cable, hoisted all sail, and made off as fast as possible. The most amusing part of the business was, that some of the British vessels, seized with a panic, did the same, and would have put out to sea to escape the shot which were fired for their protection, had not boats been hastily manned and sent after them to inform them of the true state of the case. That was the sauciest affair I ever heard of on the part of a Frenchman afloat.

"I have known several persons who made their fortune by privateering; but I look upon it as a bad thing on the whole, and more likely to prove a school for contrabandists and pirates than for good patriots. The discipline of a privateer is always loose; the men know that if they get crippled or disabled there is no pension for them, as there would be if the same thing happened on board a king's ship; and they look more for present reward, and are all the more reckless in their modes of obtaining it. Then, the privateer fights exclusively for gain, and when that is the sole object, you are not likely to meet with much generosity towards a conquered foe; and I hold that anything which has a tendency to brutalize a profession, that demands all the ameliorating accompaniments of which it is capable, ought not to be countenanced by a civilized people."

Such arguments as those of my sometime friend, to whom I am indebted for the above characteristic particulars, supported by others of equal and yet greater weight, appear to have influenced our government, as well as that of America, to discountenance privateering; and we are happy to know that, during the present war, letters of marque will not be issued or accepted by either of the two greatest of the maritime powers of the world.

PARLOUR ASTRONOMY.

IN these days of popular knowledge, it may appear superfluous to communicate any information of a non-scientific character on the subject of astronomy; but the truth is, that our popular notions regarding the stars are often more confined to lecture diagrams and plates in books than to the actual face of the heavens. We are all familiar with pictures of the appearance of the moon as seen through a telescope: and very possibly many of us have had ocular demonstration of the reality; we also know about Saturn's ring and Jupiter's moons, but it is to graphic illustrations, illuminated diagrams, or magic lantern slides and other artificial aids, that we are indebted for our information. The planets themselves we know to be in the sky, and we are generally aware that they are brighter than stars; but we do not know where to find them when they are to be seen, or to avoid search when they are not to be seen. The celestial globe does not afford us much information at first; for as it is a sphere, and contains all the stars, while we never see more than a part of them, the analogy between it and the appearance of the heavens is a perplexing puzzle to the tyro. Moreover, the globe contains no planets, and even the stars are mapped off and confused with many designs of men, animals, and objects, which, having no counterpart in the sky, all serve to bewilder the self-taught astronomer more and more. Astronomy, as taught in schools, is for the most part inculcated from books and maps; and hence, when persons grow up in life, if their avocations or tastes do not expressly lead them to the study of the science, they often find themselves incompetent to give the simplest explanation of the geography of the stars. We were lately informed by a friend, that when visiting a country clergyman, the conversation turned on the point as to whether the parish church was duly placed east and west. Some of the company took the affirmative, others the negative side of the question, and as the controversy became more animated, one of the visitors produced a pocket compass by way of settling the point; but the exhibition of this instrument only tended to further perplexity. The needle did not point to the north, or at least to what some of the company resident in the neighbourhood knew to be the north, and its authority was therefore contemptuously set aside. Very likely some local attraction had deprived the needle of its magnetic influence; but indeed, supposing this source of error to have been absent, the variation so common in all parts of this country would still, unless known and duly allowed for, prevent a nice adjustment of the debate by compass. In this dilemma, some one suggested that the north star should be consulted, and, as it was a clear frosty evening, the guests assembled on the lawn in order that this infallible test might be referred to; but, strange to say, none of the company, although comprising some half dozen professional persons, were able to point out the north star. My friend was as deficient as the rest; and on his afterwards applying to me for information on the point, it struck me that as others might possibly be in a similar predicament, a short popular paper on the subject might not be without its use.

Our first astronomical lesson, then, shall be to fix the locality of the north star; and, apart from its interest as the finger-post to unfortunate fugitives from slavery in the American States, it is useful to know this body when one is at sea, or in any unknown part in the country. Astronomically, the north star is to be found in connection with the constellation called *Ursa Major*, or the *Great Bear*, but popularly this group is known by the *Plough*, and sometimes by the *Seven Stars*. Any one looking, however cursorily, in the northern portion of the heavens, must see seven large stars grouped very much in the form of a plough, and hence the common name assigned to them. If the learner cannot find them out for himself, he must candidly acknowledge his ignorance and get some one to show him the constellation in question. We begin our lesson at the beginning; and, this being the initial point, we must make sure of it before proceeding one inch further. The first step in a ladder is important, because if the neophyte is called on to make a great effort at the outset, he becomes dispirited, and is thus repelled instead of being encouraged as he ought to be when called on to enter on a new field of study. Suppose, then, that the *Plough* is discovered—the rest is easy. Look in the direction of the two pointers: *i. e.*, its two first stars; or, simpler still, the two stars at the point of the *Plough* farthest from the stilts; and about three times their distance, and nearly in a straight line from them, is the north star. The stilts of the *Plough* appear to move round from west to east, but the pointers invariably point to the north star, and hence the inestimable value of this fact for scientific as well as for practical purposes.

If the face of the spectator be fairly directed to the north star, his back will of course be to the south; and if he extend his arms, the right will naturally be to the east and the left to the west. If one live near a river he will find that the true bearings do not coincide with the received notions, because a river, or a chain of mountains, or a range of trees, or a valley, are in common parlance said to run east or west, or north or south, although they may be very far off the cardinal points. It is well, therefore, after taking an *observation* of the north star, to draw a diagram of the bearings on a walk, pavement, or some other convenient place; and then, if a pocket compass (which may be had for a few shillings) be placed on this diagram, it will be found that the true north does not correspond with the magnetic north, and hence what is called the variation of the compass, which enters so largely into the calculations of the navigator. In every locality where practicable, and especially in country districts, a pole and vane should be erected to indicate the direction of the wind, as this, especially in young persons, tends to precision of observation.

Having determined the north star, the next stage is to discriminate between stars and planets. With few exceptions, almost every light that we see in the heavens is a star, and their distance is so great from us that, relatively to each other, while appearing to move from west to east, their proportionate distances from each other never appear to alter. They move together in a mass. The planets, on the other hand, belong to our

system, and receive, in common with us, light and heat from the sun; and they are so much nearer to us, that we see their movements from one part of the heavens to the other. In respect of motion, as seen by us, stars and planets resemble fixed and moving lights in a ship at sea. Suppose the case of a vessel at night, which has a light fixed to each of her three masts and bowsprit; when she moves through the water, these lights will partake of her motion, but, relatively to each other, they will remain in fixed positions; but if we suppose the case of lanterns carried about on the deck, it is obvious that while this second class of lights also partake of the motions of the ship, their positions will vary as regards the fixed lights and also as regards each other. The stars, then, are the fixed, and the planets the moveable, lights.

As we are not writing a treatise on astronomy, it is not necessary that we should refer to any more planets than those which are discernible by the naked eye. These are Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, and Mars; and there is no good reason why young people should not be able to recognise these four, every night in the year that they are visible. Once on a time we inquired how a policeman could be got on a city beat at night, and the answer we received was this: "Stand at this corner, sir, for twenty minutes at the farthest, and the policeman of your district will be sure to pass it." In a similar manner, keep your eye on a particular part of the heavens about a particular time, and the planet due will make its appearance with more certainty than possibly even a metropolitan functionary of the night.

On consulting an almanac, you will find the time of southing put down for the planets all the year round; but as in almanacs, planets are sometimes not called by their names, but on the contrary are referred to by symbols, it will be well to observe that π stands for Jupiter, ν for Venus, ♄ for Saturn, and ♂ for Mars. "Southing" means the time when the planet will be due south; and in order to detect any of these luminaries, we have just to watch at a window in the direction indicated and at the hour specified, and the observer will without fail be duly rewarded for his pains. "But how am I to identify one star out of several hundreds?" asks an impatient philosopher. Our answer is, *first*, that planets are generally lower in the horizon than stars, and they generally rise and "south" in localities where stars are not numerous. *Second*, that if due in the evening, planets rise before stars, and that in the morning they shine after stars become invisible. *Third*, that planets are larger and more luminous than stars. And, *fourth* and last, planets shine with a clear, steady light, while stars twinkle and glisten.

Everything has its season, and star, or rather planet, gazing must also be prosecuted at proper times. Improper times are during the day, and at midnight. During the day, planets cannot be seen owing to the superior light of the sun; at midnight they can be seen, but, as it is wrong to encroach on the hours dedicated to repose, it is best to wait until the planetary bodies can be seen at such convenient hours as between tea and supper. To those who do not object, on the score of health or comfort, to a momentary peep at a planet at three or four of a summer or autumnal morning,

we can assure them that the sight is a gratifying one. The atmosphere is then unclouded by smoke, nature is calm and tranquil, and Jupiter or Venus may then be seen pursuing their majestic march through the heavens in solitary grandeur.

In the attempt at mastering the names and positions of the stars and constellations, we have, in speaking lightly of the celestial globe, broached what some may be disposed to regard as a heresy in science. For a variety of purposes a celestial globe is useful, nay, indispensable, but for the object now in view, a perforated planisphere is much more desirable. A circular card pierced with small holes representing the sky as actually seen, will enable the tyro to find out the constellations much more readily than he can do by a globe. Several of these contrivances have been published, and most of them that we have seen answer the desired end remarkably well. They represent the heavens naturally, and are praiseworthy free from the "uncouth figures of men and monsters" which, according to Sir John Herschel "are usually scribbled over celestial maps and globes."

In matters of description, poetry is often a more successful vehicle of communication than prose; and a northern clergyman, who long ago furnished, in verse, directions for finding the stars, has amply proved this. Nothing could be more simple and distinct than his opening lines, which we append.

"Where yonder radiant host adorn
The northern evening sky,
Seven stars, a splendid waving train,
First fix the wandering eye.

To deck great Ursa's shaggy form,
Those brilliant orbs combine;
And where the first and second point,
There see the north pole shine.

The third looks twixt the fourth and fifth,
To silver Vega's light;
The sixth and seventh point near to where
Arcturus cheers the night.

Arcturus first to Vega join,
The northern Crown you'll spy:
And join'd to Ursa's second star
He marks Cor Caroli."

We must, however, add a word as to the magnitude of the heavenly bodies. Every one knows that the stars are very large masses; but while generally aware of this truth we are apt to make mistakes as to relative bulk. Sir John Herschel tells us in an interesting way how to avoid this error. "Choose," says he, "any well-levelled field or bowling-green. On it place a *globe* two feet in diameter; this will represent the sun; Mercury will be represented by a *grain of mustard seed* on the circumference of a circle 164 feet in diameter for its orbit; Venus a *pea* on a circle of 284 feet in diameter; the earth also a *pea* on a circle of 430 feet; Mars a rather large *pin's head* on a circle of 654 feet; Juno, Ceres, Vesta, and Pallas *grains of sand* in orbits of from 1000 to 1200 feet; Jupiter a moderate sized *orange* in a circle nearly half a mile across; Saturn a *small orange* on a circle of four-fifths of a mile, and Uranus a full-sized *cherry* or small *plum* upon the circumference of a circle more than a mile and a half in diameter."

Varieties.

WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE?

I ASKED the glad and happy child,
Whose hands were filled with flowers,
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild
Among the vine-wreathed bowers;
I crossed her sunny path and cried,
"When is the time to die?"
—"Not yet! not yet!" the child replied,
And swiftly bounded by.

I asked the maiden: back she threw
The tresses of her hair;
Grief's traces o'er her cheeks I knew,
Like pearls they glistened there;
A flush passed o'er her lily brow,
I heard her spirit sigh:
—"Not now," she cried; "oh no, not now!
Youth is no time to die!"

I asked a mother, as she pressed
Her firstborn in her arms,
As gently on her tender breast
She hushed her babe's alarms;
In quivering tones her accents came;
Her eyes were dim with tears;
—"My boy his mother's life must claim
For many, many years."

I questioned one in manhood's prime,
Of proud and fearless air;
His brow was furrowed not by time,
Nor dimmed by woe and care.
In angry accents he replied,
And flashed with scorn his eye—
"Talk not to me of death," he cried,
"For only age should die."

I questioned age, for whom the tomb
Had long been all prepared;
For death, who withers life and bloom,
This man of years had spared.
Once more his nature's dying fire
Flashed high, and thus he cried—
"Life! only life, is my desire!"
Then gasped, and groaned, and died.

I asked a Christian—"Answer thou,
When is the hour of death?"
—"A holy calm was on his brow,
And peaceful was his breath;
And sweetly o'er his features stole
A smile, a light divine;
He spoke the language of his soul—
"MY MASTER'S time is mine."

THE SIGHT OF THE DYING.

THE late Abner L. Pentland, of Pittsburgh, remarked, when he was dying, "Mother, I can see a great distance!" Doubtless this is the experience, beautifully expressed, of every one who comes with a chastened faith to a calm death-bed. In his progress through ordinary life, the vapours that float in the mental atmosphere render the vision imperfect, and he cannot see afar off; but as he draws near eternity, the air grows purer, the light brighter, the vision clearer, and serenity pervades the whole being; the vista of futurity opens upon the eyes of the soul; he beholds the gates of heaven, the river of life, its glad waters laving the footsteps of the throne of God; the glories of the new world grow brighter and brighter upon him; with Stephen, he beholds Jesus at the right hand of his Father; and as he dwells with rapture on those enlivening sights, the earth and all its scenery grows dim about him, and like Elisha's servant at the gate of Damascus, he is instantly environed with troops of angels, come to take him up over the everlasting hills in the chariot of the Lord of Hosts.

A CRANE IN CONFINEMENT.—A man brought in a crane, which he had winged, and we turned him out in the yard with the poultry, where he stalked up and down with a proud indignant air. He soon became pretty quiet, and eat his corn with the rest, while he had a deep bucket of water for his own use, into which he used to poke his head continually. One day a stupid heavy servant went into the yard, and, not knowing that the bucket was placed there for the stork, he took it up to carry it away, when the bird flew at him, and pecked at his face, but, missing his eye, seized him tightly by the nose, and there he held him for a good while. The poor man halloed loud enough, but those who came to his assistance could not help him at first for laughing; and though he kept beating at the crane with the bucket, which he held in his hand, his long neck enabled him to keep so far off, that he escaped all the frantic attempts of his prisoner to reach him. The man's nose was swelled and very sore for some time, and he never got over the ridicule which attached to him for his perilous adventure with the crane. It was touching to watch this crane; when the time for its emigration arrived, a flock of its magnificent companions every day used to fly high up in the air, in a wheeling circle, above its head. This circle of flying birds has a very striking effect. The cranes above called to their friend to join them for their distant journey to a happier climate, and the poor helpless crane below, stretching its long neck up towards the sky, answered the appeal in a singularly mournful cry.—*Curzon's Armenia.*

THE RIGOURS OF THE RUSSIAN SWAY.—In 1771, a large tribe of Kalmucks, a people who had formerly emigrated from the frontiers of China, unable to endure the insults and oppressions of the Russian tyranny, made up their minds to return to the dominions of the Celestial Empire, from whence their ancestors had originally come. They fought their way through all the hostile tribes intervening between them, and their whole nation arrived safely under the wing of the emperor of China, who afforded them protection, and gave them great tracts of land for the pasture of their flocks and herds. The ambassador of the empress Catherine, who had been despatched to desire the surrender of the fugitive tribe, and—as at this day in Turkey—to demand a "renewal of treaties" between the two countries, received the following answer from the court of Peking: "Let your mistress learn to keep old treaties, and then it will be time to apply for new ones:" an answer which might have been given in our day to prince Menschikoff, who was lucky in meeting with a milder reception at Constantinople than his predecessor received from the stout old mandarin at Peking.

KERBELA.—While the Jew yearns to lay his bones in the environs of his beloved Zion, and the Mohamedan sums up all his earthly hopes in a last pilgrimage to Mecca, the Persian with equal ardour and veneration seeks for a final resting-place at Kerbela. This city, in the pashalic of Bagdad, is a Turkish fortified place, containing the tomb of Hossein, the brother of Hassan, and son of Ali, the great saint of the Shiah, or Persian form of the Mohamedan religion. Not only do an immense number of Persians habitually reside there, but every one who has the power strives to retire there in his latter days, that he may lay his bones in the neighbourhood of the golden dome which covers the ashes of Hossein. Those who die at a distance are so anxious at least to be buried at Kerbela, that the great article of commerce in that direction consists of the dead bodies of Persian men and women, which are brought by thousands every year from all parts of the dominions of the Shah by endless caravans of horses, mules, and camels, many hundreds of which unlucky animals pass their whole lives from year to year in carrying these horrid burthens, which infect the air in all the villages through which they pass.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—One of the difficulties experienced by foreigners in acquiring our language, may be illustrated by the following question:—"Did you ever see a person *pare* an apple or a *pear* with a pair of scissors?"